

Life is like riding on summer winds
that one-day well end

Mother

I will never again be able to make
Lemon Meringue Pies with you
I did not want our summers together to end
The love you gave me will not take away my tears
I'm not ok But I'm here

Life is like riding on summer winds
that one-day well end

Life's is too fragile to hate
And love is too pure to Waste

We cannot ride on summer winds forever
Yet, we keep trying

Prayers of
Barry Wyatt Jr.